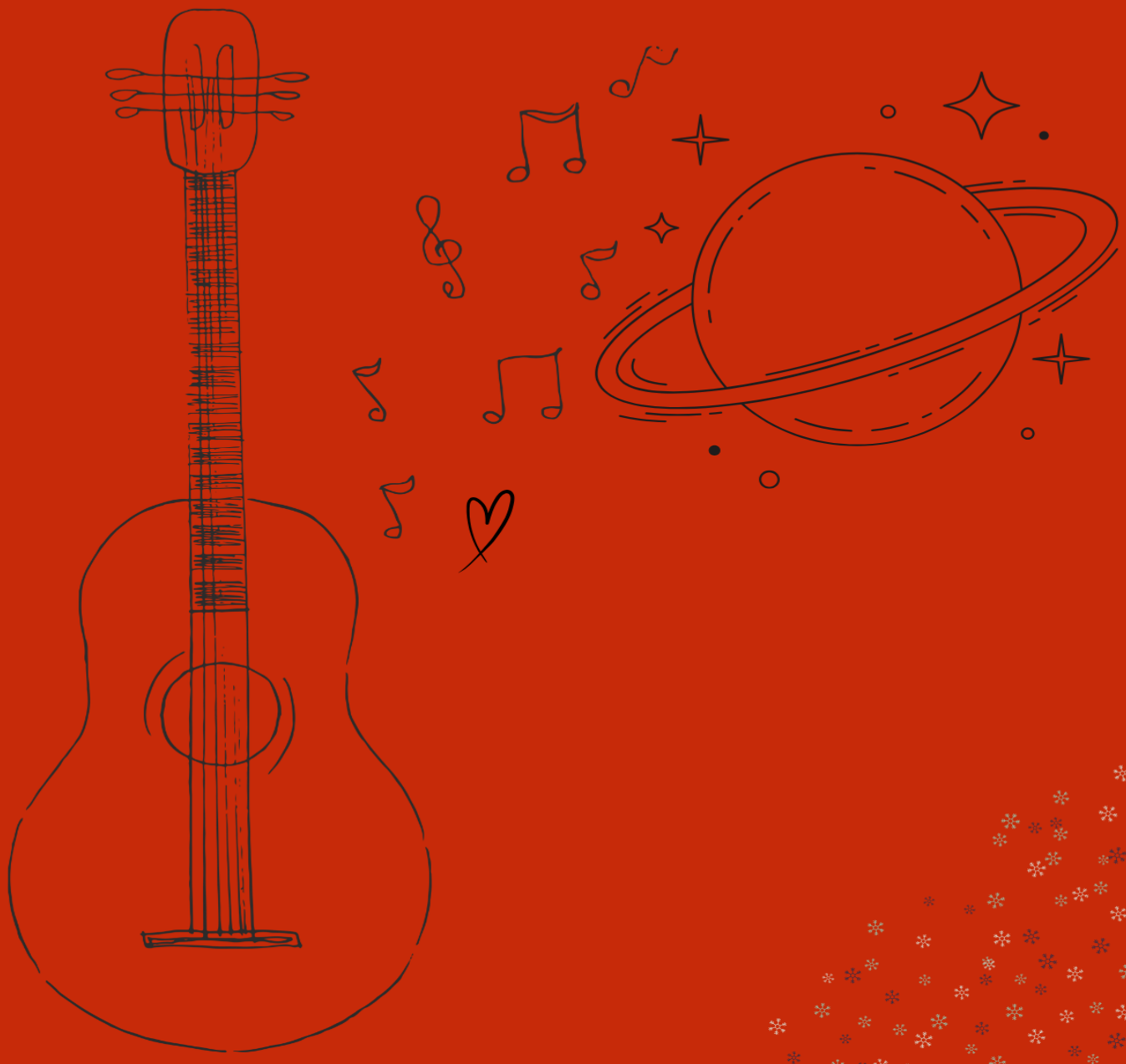
ANANYO BHATTACHARYA

Mausam



Ananyo Bhattacharya

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Preface

Mausam is a collection of short poems that reflects on the phases and seasons in youth. The change in each phase brings a unique set of qualities and perspectives that is reflected by their thoughts and actions. As a person embarks on new adventures to explore the outside and inner space, their thoughts evolve and one finds new ways to adapt and overcome difficult situations. In moments of strength and vulnerability, one truly discovers their own self just like plants make their way through different seasons. Having spent my own time in India and outside, my reading and travel has inspired me to push myself in some creative ways. Poetry has been an avenue for me to express my curiosity and carve out new possibilities for storytelling and life. I started writing in 2016 and the initial poems in this collection date back to my high school days. Some of these works are inspired by the tales of human and robotic exploration of outer space while others are driven by more personal experiences during my engineering and university days.

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A Pale Blue Dot

Twinkle twinkle little stars,
Can you tell me where we are,
In the citadel of the stars,
Where clouds of wonder surround the skies,
Illuminating the cosmos, all eternal worlds.

Oh the heavenly scars,
Amidst the dark skies,
A pale blue dot lies,
Where hope of life never dies.

Oh, the great giants,
Above humans and all life forms alike,
Admired by the great minds,
Where no one possibly survives,
Yet the search for life never dies.

Oh, the silver moon,
Above the fertile lands and the mighty oceans,
You shine; your light inspires,
It creates wonders in their minds,

Making the artist realize,
The wonders of the world so high.

Oh, the divine light,
The divine sight from the past,
Traveling many years you reach,
Creating ripples in our thoughts and outlook,
But I ask the same thing again and again,
Seasons change, years pass away,
Yet the answer remains the same.

Amidst the dark skies,
A pale blue dot lies,
Where hope of life never dies.

Winter's Coming

The winter's coming! The winter's coming,
As flakes of snow kiss the Earth,
I felt the caress of winter's breath on my arms.
The pristine silver moonlight glittered on thin ice.
Could've escaped into the stars with thee,
Or perhaps a walk along the river banks.
Had it been such an evening,
Alas! it all seemed like a winter's wish.

The winter's bite took it's toll,
As I sat beside the fire; under the eternal sky.
Could've watched the winter moon grow old,
or perhaps tried to steal some light from the dark,
Had it been a reality,not mere thoughts of mine,
Alas! it all seemed like a winter's wish.

The winter's charm resurrected the broken and forgotten,
Children sang carols, Christmas trees decorated,
Houses were lit up by the spirits of love and kindness.
A walk through the old avenue, back in that old place,
Familiar faces,familiar voices and an infinitum of memories,

I Wanted to feel the touch of those old days,
Alas! it all seemed like a winter's wish.

As I turned back to return for once and all,
A sudden breeze seemed to call from back,
The sound of jingling bells was all in the air,
The winter's wish had come true that was all I knew.

Roads of Life

The roads of life diverge,
Into the paths of love and war,
Giving rise to both flowers and thorns,
Like an old plant protecting its home.

The roads of life eternal,
Along the brook of memories,
Through the woods of danger and hardships,
To the quests that lead to another one.

The roads of life are magical,
Every soul has a thing to say,
While some talk about exploring the oceans and skies,
Few people take a deeper dive into their inner depths,
Weaving infinite memories on the roads of life.

I travel for miles and miles,
Everything seems to be like a destiny,
The barren deserts and thirsty lands,
All of it seems to be a part of me, on the roads of life.

Walking ahead along the roads,

The blazing sun before my curious mind,
Like the source of all life,
Giving light to all the life, on the roads of life.

Then I come across the green lands,
The gardens of friendship and love,
Our paths may diverge, but we shall meet again,
Singing the song of life together, on the roads of life.

Circa 2024

Flowers in a vessel sailing away far from home,
As sunlight showers its presence over the town,
Blessed minds make their mark on the world,
Their creations transcend into impact,
One life at a time, changing the world into a better place.

Flowers in his hand as he waits outside the door,
A little nervous, a little bit anxious,
Thoughts of all sort try to clutter his mind,
Yet he has to stay persistent,
He has to appear a calm, chivalrous gentleman.

The child tears petals of the flower one by one,
In her playful attempt to decipher the nature.
Her father chides her for being too playful,
Yet the voices that choke her growth don't catch his attention.

Lost in Transit

A city in a day, hand in your hand,
The cream over my coffee, the stars in your eyes,
Catching your glimpse every time I transit,
My heart skips a beat, maybe a few,
As we share a modest pause in the line of sight.

Felt like a flyby, where things don't turn around,
Yet we end up moving towards the same spot,
Can be hours and days, maybe even years?
Like those untouched books on your shelf,
I bet you visit them once in a while,
As you smell the pages that reminds you of a fond memory,
Roads that we travelled together, events that we planned for.

Maybe I want to share another winter moon,
Add some sugar to my cup,
And some delay to the takeoff announcements,
Two tickets for a musical, a dance under the stars,
Our bucket list grows a little each time we meet,
List of wishful thinking, and expectations.
Some do happen, most of them are lost,

But we don't regret all that in the end.

If I kept a count of each time you made me smile,
I'll probably have enough currency to buy out some time,
Watching you part through the glass in rain,
Are those raindrops or tears?
I couldn't tell them apart.

Part by Part

How many moments will one count?
How many shooting stars would one let slip away?
One can wonder throughout one's life.
There's time and time,
The sand keeps running to the other side,
There's time and time.

How many dreams will have to die?
How many suns will burn out before the next morning?
One can wonder throughout one's life.
Yet I believe part by part we can build it again,
Part by part things will fall into place,
Part by part we will make this place more beautiful.

What if fate was left in our hands,
What if we could paint the sky all over again?
One can wonder throughout one's life,
Or pick up the wand and make things fly,
My friend nothing is difficult only if you try,
And you will find your missing pieces,
Just don't forget to look at the sky.

I Know This Much is True

Autumn in the spring,
I watch the wind ride over the flowers,
Sputtering voices of union and severance,
As the sun shines on the faces one last time,
And the day is finally gone,
I know this much is true,
What is meant to be, will happen,
If it is meant to be, let it be.

The river changes its roads with ages,
With ages the stars change the designs.
Opinions will come and go,
For the truth, it stays forever.
I know this much is true,
All roads take one to the destination,
For one should be true to oneself.

I searched the worlds of sands, cosmic hells and shattered heavens,

Beauty is imperfect, perfection seems merely a mirage I chase,
I hear the songs of birds who can't speak my tongue,

And yet I stay silent in the sea of people around me.
All I know this much is true,
We make, what we want to see and hear,
We fake, what we wish, what we fear.

They ask if all of it was true,
If I ever met the giants, if I ever fought the wars,
If I ever forged the gate to other worlds,
And I walk away from the noises to meet her in the moonlight,

She asks, she's worried, uncertainties and opportunities,
I hold her hand and kiss her forehead,
Only to tell her that I know this much is true.

About the Author

Ananyo Bhattacharya is a scientist and engineer by training. He comes from Vadodara, in the Indian state of Gujarat. Born in Kolkata, he has lived across India and the United States, carrying the experiences of many landscapes and cultures. He completed his undergraduate education at SVNIT Surat and holds a doctorate from the University of Michigan. His research focuses on understanding the atmosphere of Earth and other planets. He has been writing poetry since 2016. Mausam is his first collection.